

THE
SCHOOL-BOYS
MASK.

DESIGN'D FOR THE
DIVERSION *of* YOUTH;
AND THEIR
EXCITEMENT *to* LEARNING.

By Tho. Spaldeman

Spondeo digna tuis ingentibus omnia cæptis. Virg.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford Arms*, in
Warwick Lane.

M. DCC. XLII.

16*

321
204 P





THE
P R E F A C E.



THE following Piece is wholly design'd for Schools, without any View to the Stage. The Sentiments are such, that it is hoped Parents, and the Gentlemen intrusted with the Education of Youth, will esteem it very proper to be put into their Hands and Mouths. If it be acted, it is to be observ'd, that *here* it will be best contriv'd, if each Part is not wholly perform'd by the same Person; but the First Act by little Boys, the Second by larger, and the rest by such

such as are nearest Maturity ; in which there will be nothing unnatural, (if their Complexions are not unlike) Time often producing as great a Difference in the same Person ; and by this means various Classes may have the Advantage of being initiated to public Performances, by suitable Parts. It may be proper to take Notice also, that if the Whole should be esteem'd too long, the First Act, comprising the Time that is spent at School, would seem sufficiently complete, if acted alone.





T H E
P R O L O G U E.

To be spoken by the Person who is to act
NED RAKISH.

B LUSH not, nor be disgusted, tho', for once,
I'm forc'd, my Friends, to act a while the Dunce;
A Character, till now, I never bore,
And, our Mask ended, hope to wear no more;
But now will top it, since it must be done:
He who well acts a Dunce, is surely none.
Nor matters much th' Exterior, and the Part;
Regard, like Heav'n, th' Interior, and the Heart.
I hope, on some much more important Day,
A better, more becoming Part to play.
Mean while, if we the World attently mind,
To your and to my Comfort, we shall find
Many besides are forc'd to act a Part,
From which they widely differ in their Heart:
Why should I then Uneasiness betray,
And not act mine as plausibly as they?

Dra-



Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Grand-clerc.

Lord Tinsel.

Mr. Fondler.

Jacky Fondler.

Stephen Goodwill.

Sammy Bookish.

Jo' Rival.

Ned Rakish.

Charles Guzzle.

Tommy Wild-rogue.

Time.

Guzzle's Landlord.

Servants.

Mrs. Fondler.





THE
SCHOOL-BOY'S
MASK, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A School Yard. Enter TIME.



AS ever Lot like mine? If Men were
wife,
There's nought on Earth they would
so highly prize;
Of *me* would be most chary Young and Old,
And count my Hours more carefully than Gold;
But Old and Young, tho' Life be such a Span,
Get quit of me by 'ev'ry Way they can.
To any Pastime, tho' most childish, flee,
And stoop to Push-pin, to get rid of me.
I spoke just now to a decrepit Knave,
Of Sixty-five, with One Foot in the Grave,
And warn'd him yet to mend: With open Slight
He heard me, bent to cheat his Friend to Night.
What shall I do? Will no one hear my Call?
Will none regard me? All misuse me? --- All?

B

Here

The SCHOOL-BOY'S MASK.

Here are some Children; them, ev'n them, I'll try;
 Ev'n Children know not but they soon may die:
 Yet who can hope, that these will entertain
 That good Advice which elder Folks disdain?

[Addresses himself to some Boys at Play.]

Good Day, my pretty Boys, in Life's sweet Prime,
 It's early Morn; my Name, my Dears, is *Time*.
 Your Great Celestial Sire, with kind Intent
 Me for your Good to each of you has sent.
 My friendly Counsel treasure in your Breast,
 And well observe it, if you would be blest'd.
 With awful Rev'rence think on the Most High;
 Honour and love your Parents; dread a Lye;
 Be honest; all Impurity detest;
 And never think immodest Talk a Jest.

Take these, *[Offers them Books]* and learn them. If
 ye use me well,

I lead to Heav'n; if not, I may to Hell.
 Mean while, my Youths, I set before your Eyes
 All Blessings to be striv'n for, as a Prize;
 Wisdom, Wealth, Honour, great Esteem, at least
 Long Life, and Conscience's perpetual Feast.
 Your Industry may widely spread your Name,
 And, may-be, gain you an immortal Fame.
 Who knows, my Boys, if you no Labour grudge,
 But You may be a Bishop,---You a Judge?
 Will ye embrace me? Will ye well employ
 My precious Moments? Do, each pretty Boy.

Guzzle. Be gone, Old Fellow, stand out of our Way:
 Don't talk to us, and interrupt our Play.

Wild-rogue. We don't love Books; stand further,
 will you? Budge!

I am to be a Captain, not a Judge.

Time. 'Twill be an Honour to you, to be styl'd
 A Scholar, tho' you be a Captain, Child:
Cæsar and *Annibal* were brave, as you
 Can ever be, and yet were Scholars too.

[Offering the Books to the Lds. Grandclerc and Tinsel.]

To

The SCHOOL-BOY'S MASK.

3

To you, fine Sparks, I come no less a Friend,
And these with equal Ardor recommend.

Ld. Tinsel. Old Fellow, shew not me your Books
abhorr'd :

I have no Need of Learning ; I'm a Lord.

Time. Learning as much becomes the noblest Peer,
As it does any Man, my pretty Dear.

That, added to your Title and Estate,

Will make you truly noble, truly great :

Learning is a more glorious Ornament,

Than ought that human Pride could e'er invent ;

Compar'd with whose superior solid Joy,

Your Robes are Rags, your Coronet a Toy.

If Men want Sense and Learning, Wealth and Height

But make their Folly more expos'd to Sight.

Come, be good Children! —

Rakish. Get away, old Prig :

You'll make me lash your Legs, and not my Gig.

[*They make Mouths, and express childish Rudeness.*

Goodwill. Fie, Tom, Charles, Ned ! ye should not
be so bold !

Age claims Respect ; we may ourselves be old :

And should we, would ye like with Words and Noise

To be affronted thus by sawcy Boys ?

Bookish. I wonder, Boys, ye can, or dare to do it !

What would my Master say t'ye, if he knew it ?

Goodw. A Master does, from whom we're never hid ;

If *this* does not, by *Him* they will be chid.

Th'old Man gives Counsel, that another Day

May do us far more Good than all our Play :

Howe'er it be, I find my Heart incline

To take it. —

Book. Well said, *Stephen* ; so does mine.

Time. O ! my sweet Youths, come on, embrace
me then ;

They will be always Children ; you, soon Men.

Seize, while you may, my Sons, my Lock before ;

Once gone, I am to be recall'd no more.

The SCHOOL-BOY'S MASK.

Come, Children, mind your Books, with all your Heart,
Soon will ye find ye have chos'n the better Part.

[*They go out with him.*]

Rival. I wish, too late, I had gone with him too,
And not stay'd idly here to play with you.

I'll follow them at least. [*Goes out.*] *Ld. Grandcl.*

And so will I,

And be the Old Man's Convert till I die.

Ld. Tinsf. Stay, *Grandclerc.* *Ld. Grandcl.* No.

Ld. Tinsf. Why then do what you will:

Come *Charles, Ned, Tommy*, we will play on still.

[*They go out.*]

SCENE II.

Mrs. FONDLER alone.

MUST my poor Boy be sent away agen?
What a To-do is here about these Men?
Yet shall they find, while I have Life and Lungs,
My One an Over-match for All their Tongues.

Enter to her JACKY FONDLER.

Jack. Dear, dear Mamma! my Cause again espouse!
Help, help me but this once; my Papa vows
I shall this Hour be sent away to School,
And not stay longer here to be a Fool.
I hate my Book, Mamma, and quake for Fear
Whene'r I say't; my Master's so severe;
He lugs my Ears and Hair, and with his Blows
Oft fetches Crimson Currents from my Nose;
Swindges my Back, and looks so furious! — And
Oft with his Ferrul' mauls my tender Hand:
And in my Part if I but miss a Varse,
He writes it all in *Hebrew* on my A — se.
Ah! Mammy, I am bang'd and pummell'd so,
That I'd as lieve be drown'd or shot, as go.

I won't, I won't: Beg, Mammy, scold, cry, pray,
Keep me at home, if but for one more Day!

Mrs. Fondler. Thou shalt not stir again from home,
my Dear;

Keep thyself close to me, and never fear.

Enter Mr. FONDLER.

Fondl. Have you prepar'd to send away your Son?
Did not I order, that it should be done?

Mrs. Fondl. You may revoke your Orders, if you
please:

They will not be obey'd by me, with Ease.

Fondl. What then am I?

Mrs. F. My Husband.

F. What are you?

Mrs. F. Your Wife; but one that will maintain her
Due.

Fondl. I say he shall be gone; your Servant call!

Mrs. F. You say! — I say, he shall not go at all.

Fondl. Nay, then I must pursue another Course,
And back my scorn'd Authority with Force.

[*Jacky gets behind his Mammy.*

Mrs. F. Keep off while you are well; you might,
As safely of her Young One rob a Bear. [*I swear,*

Fondl. Let's plead the Case, not shame ourselves,
and fight;

If not by me, be rul'd by what is right.

I'm too indulgent to the Boy, I know;

But you're not more his Mother, than his Foe.

Taught nothing, but to have his own wrong Will,

What Duty, when a Man, will he fulfil?

Son, Husband, Father, Master, Friend, unfit,

He hardly will to Heav'n itself submit.

Able to see, but much too weak to guide,

Reason will only plead, to be deny'd;

By Passions and by Contradiction led,

He'll plague himself, and all, till he is dead;

'Tis richly worth our while to let him go,

Only to learn not to be humour'd so;

Or

Or else reflect, my Dear, what he will do,
If he should light on such a Wife as you!

Mrs. F. Mock, storm, do what you please, it shall
not be;

Come, *Jacky*, fear him not; keep close to me.
If thou dost go, thy Master shall not dare,
Learn thou, or not, to touch a single Hair.

Fond. Parents too fond are a Mischance and Curse;
The more they love their Children, still the worse;
The more they injure them, and, in the End,
Compar'd with such, a Step-mother's a Friend.

[*He goes out.*]

S C E N E III.

BOOKISH, GOODWILL, RAKISH.

Rakish. *Bookish*, do make my Verses for me: I will
give you a Penny.

Book. That is, *Ned*, you will give me a Penny to
do you Hurt: I shan't take it indeed; it would be
a Penny ill got; and what I get, will, I hope, always
be gotten with Honour; besides, what if my Master
finds out you were helped, and should ask me whe-
ther I did it, do you think I would tell a Lye, to
save your Back, and my own? No, *Ned*, I know
better; it would be a little Beating ill scaped. I
would not tell One Lye to avoid Ten such Cor-
rections, for fear I should be chastised by One
whom no Lye can deceive.

Rak. Give me a little Sense then.—

Book. It is not gain'd so easily to be given away.
My Parents are forced to buy it for me, and I am
willing to get them as much as I can for their
Money: I suppose yours expect some for theirs;
but you seem not to regard how little it is.

Rak. Do you give me a little then, Master *Ste'*,
I'll love you dearly, if you will.

Goodw.

Goodw. I shall love you better if I don't, *Ned*. Besides, I shall never think I have enough for myself. It is the only Thing of which I am covetous; and yet I could be contented to lend you some, but that I am afraid you will never be able to repay me. Get it, as we do: To be forced to beg Sense, is the most shameful Beggary that can be.

Rak. Sell me a Ha'pe'rth then, *Sammy*:

Book. I can't make so small a Quantity; it is too dear.

Rak. Let me have a Pen'ner'th then; do, dear *Sammy*, do!

Book. Well, since you intreat so earnestly, let me know your Theme.

Rak. *Fugit irreparabile tempus.*

Goodw. A very good one for you, *Ned*, if you would lay it to Heart.

Book. Give me the Penny: I never trust idle Folks; for Idleness is the School of Vice, where such as you are the apt Scholars. Who knows but you may think it a Jest to lye, and cheat me?

Rak. Take it first then; but write it down.

Book. I will. [*Writes, then reads it to him.*]

Time fleets away with Speed; is irrecoverable when gone; and we know not how little of it we may have in Store: It is therefore a Thing of which it becomes us to be careful.

Goodw. You give Gold-weight, *Sammy*; can't you throw in a little more?

Book. Sense is more precious than Gold, *Ste'*.

[*Rakish goes out.*]

See, Master *Stephen*, our Sense begins to be worth Money to us already.

Goodw. Why, *Sammy*, I think you had best set up Shop in your Way. A Sense-seller may be likely to prove a good Business; there are so many that want it, and so few of the Trade, that you can't fail of getting rich.

Book.

Book. No, *Ste'*, it will not do. I should have no Customers but idle School-boys; for though there are many that want it, yet they are so far from knowing it, that they often think they have most. But let us go about our own Exercise, and do your best, *Ste'*, or else I shall out-do you.

Goodw. It shall not be my Fault, if you do.

[*They go out.*]

SCENE IV.

RIVAL, entering on the other Side.

THERE they go! The Two I can hardly look at without Envy! My Master's Favourites, whose Applauses I hear every Day! Whose Exercises, whose Construing, whose Diligence he is always commending to us, as if he thought he could never do them Honour enough! Whose Commendations and Improvements make such an Impression upon my Mind, that I am no sooner asleep, but I fall a-dreaming of some Applause or Honour, that *Bookish* or *Goodwill* receives; while I, methinks, am rated, or beaten, and threatened to be turn'd out of the School for a Blockhead! They are gone to make their Exercises, and strive to gain fresh Commendations; and shall I stay playing here? Will that make me like them, and procure me the Praise I desire? I will to my Exercise too, and try to be Third, if I cannot be First, or Second.

[*Goes out.*]

SCENE V.

WILD-ROGUE, and WILLIAM, his Father's Man.

Will. [*To Wildr. crossing the Stage.*] Master Thomas;
—— Master Thomas ——

Wildr.

Wildr. [*Turning.*]---What, *Will*? How does old *Dad*?

Will. The worse for you, I can assure you, Master *Thomas*; I wonder you will be such a naughty Boy; you will plague your poor Father into his Grave! You give him so much Disturbance, that I heard him say, he should be glad to follow you to yours. Poor Man! He is to be pitied for having such a Son! This is the Fourth School you have been sent to: From Two you have run away, and the other Two would keep you no longer; for my Master has received a Letter from Mr. *Birch* here, complaining how intolerable you were, and desiring him to fetch you away, or else he should be obliged to turn you out of his School. You are every Thing that is bad, he says.

Wildr. Stop, you impudent Cur: Ar'n't you ashamed to abuse your Master's Son thus?

Will. It is you abuse yourself, Master *Thomas*; not I that do it.

Wildr. If you pretend to chop Logic with me, Sirrah, I will call my School-fellows about me, and we will lug you by the Ears into School, and treat you with some Birch-wine.

Will. Pray don't be so wild, Master *Thomas*; give me your Hand. [*Seizes it, and ties a Cord about it, the other End of which is fastened to his own.*] Now, young Gentleman, you may lug me where you can. Your Father, by whose Order I do it, says, they used to serve Rogues thus in antient Times: I suppose you are Scholard good enough to know it; if not, we will teach you this at least.

Wildr. I may make you repent it, before we get home.

Will. How so, Master *Thomas*?

Wildr. Why, as soon as I come to the Bridge,

I'll jump in, and then I suppose you will be glad to part with me, if you can.

Will. Oh, I shall have Company with me to pull us out, if you do. We have provided against every thing; and One of the Garrets is barricaded, and Fetters screwed to the Floor: All is ready for your Reception.

Wildr. I shall give you the Slip nevertheless; I have learnt the Black Art.

Will. You have learnt black Arts enow, I believe, Muster *Thomas*; but come on, however; we shall see what you can do.

Wildr. Let your Master go first, Sirrah; I shall see you in a String alone, before it be long.

Will. In troth, Muster *Thomas*, you bid as fair for it as any body. Nay, nay, go civilly, or I have another Cord in my Pocket, made into a Cat with Nine Tales, which I am ordered to use.

S C E N E VI.

GOODWILL, *coming to* RIVAL, RAKISH, *and*
GUZZLE.

I AM glad I have found you together. I come to take my Leave of you. I am going from School in order to be sent to *Oxford*. Dear *Bookish*, farewell; [*Kisses him.*] I shan't easily find either such another Example to imitate, or Friend to advise with.

Book. Farewel, my dear *Goodwill*: I shall have the greater Loss, who had not been what I am, if I had not striven to resemble you. And now I am left alone, am like to go on with Indifference, as a Horse that gallops the Course without any Competition.

Riv.

Riv. If you gallop the Course alone, it will be only because we dare not put in against you; for I can answer, that One of us has as much Mind to the Prize, as you have; but, alas! his Heels will not reach it!

Goodw. Run, however, honest *Rival*; let him not carry off so noble a Prize, without any body's putting in for it! Farewel, dear *Rival*; you must now be his Emulator and Friend.

Riv. Farewel, ——— *Magnæ spes altera Romæ.* *Rakish*, and *Guzzle*, and I, must be his Foils, you think; don't you?

Goodw. I think there is some Danger of it; but I hope you will be a little more staid when you come to the University.

Guz. You may hope it, if you will; but a wild Colt would as soon grow tame by being turned on a large Common.

Goodw. Farewel, *Ned.* [*Kisses him.*]

Rak. Dear *Goodwill*, I wish you well.

Goodw. Farewel, *Guzzle.* [*Kisses him.*]

Guz. May you fare well, honest *Goodwill*.

Goodw. Be careful, *Charles*: I fear it will be your Fate to be drown'd!

Guz. Drown'd!

Rak. In Liquor, he means, *Charles*.

Guz. O, never fear. I shall only swim in it a little now-and-then.

TIME appears to them again.

Once more, my comely Youths, once more I call,
And proffer precious Counsel to you all.
Y'are going to the Land in whose rich Ground
Fam'd Knowledge, Wisdom, Eloquence are found;
Dig for them daily, with industrious Toil;
Dig deep, and search them latent in the Soil:
The Eastern Mines of Diamonds and Gold
No Substance near so valuable hold.

Compar'd with Wisdom's salutary Root,
 And ripen'd Virtue, its celestial Fruit;
 All the Earth's high-priz'd Jewels are no more,
 Than Pebbles, that lie countless on the Shore;
 All its much-cov'ted Gold is vile as Clay,
 Which no Man, but as useless, takes away.
 Wise Heav'n has made your Form erect, to show,
 That your immortal Mind should more be so;
 These Learning helps to elevate from Earth,
 Exalts, and renders mindful of their Birth;
 Daily admonishes to look on high,
 And challenge Kindred far above the Sky.
 Learning a Man with Dignity arrays,
 With Honours often robes, and crowns with Praise;
 The Mind enlarges, helps to make you wise,
 And may bring ev'ry Good that Mortals prize.
 Th' Illit'rate's Mind is like a trifling Book,
 In which a Man of Sense disdains to look:
 The learned Mind is like a Book inspir'd
 With noblest Wisdom, and by All admir'd.
 Th' Illiterate, old in Days, in Sense is young,
 And knows not how to speak, nor hold his Tongue;
 Thro' Ignorance's Mist sees nothing clear,
 And does but half smell, taste, or touch, or hear.
 Hardly performs the least Thing, as he ought,
 And errs in almost ev'ry Word and Thought.
 Behold this glorious List, where every Name
 Is consecrated to immortal Fame;
 Their Country's Boast, and mine, Heav'n's chosen Few,
 Each, each of these was once unknown as you.
 Let great and just Ambition fire your Soul,
 And strive t' enlarge my golden-letter'd Roll.

Rak. Pry'thee, don't stay to hear the old Canter hold forth. Hast got ever a pretty Daughter, Old Put?

Time. Yes, twain, divinely fair, Wisdom, and Truth,
 But neither doom'd for Thee, wild, frothy Youth.

Guz.

Guz. Thy Glas, old Bald-head, is of the wrong Sort; if one could drink out of it, and thou hadst a Bottle in t'other Hand, I would be your Man.

Time. Be wise, and I will bring thee to a Cup Of Wine celestial, where One single Sup Will prove of infinitely greater Worth, Than all the various Wines and Drinks on Earth.

Goodw. Bookish and I, when this old Man was sent Before, his Counsel took, nor yet repent.

Book. We purpose yet again to take it, Friends; And *Rival* too, I hope, the same intends.

Riv. He does. If not to be prevail'd on, you Must still your own Desires and Ways pursue, And take the Sequel, which at last you'll rue. }

Lead on: To College lead us all, Old Friend;

Time. I will, and let the World observe the End.

[*They follow Time out.*]

END of the First Act.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. FONDLER sitting in her Chair.

Mrs. F. *J*Obnny!

J. F. What do you want?

Mrs. F. Come hither, my Dear.

J. F. I won't.

Mrs. F. Pray, my Dear, do: I want to speak with you.

J. F. I won't.

Mrs. F. I have something for you, my Dear.

J. F. [*Coming.*] What is it? Let me see.

Mrs. F. These Orange-chips, my Love; and I will give you somewhat better, if you will begin to learn to write.

J. F. I won't.

Mrs. F. Pray, my Dear, do; you are a great Boy now. Look on this Crown, I will give you this, if you will learn.

J. F. Give it me then; [*Takes it.*] but you shall carry me to see the Tower too.

Mrs. F. So I will, Child.

J. F. But I won't learn but when I have a Mind.

Mrs. F. Well, my Dear, you shan't: But let me hear you read; you have not read these Two Days.

J. F. I won't.

Mrs. F. Pray, my Dear, do; One Fable, and I will give you an Orange.

J. F. Give it me then.

Mrs. F. Here, my Love; come, you left off here.

J. F.

J. F. [*Reads wretchedly, and in a Boyish Tone.*]
A little Boy, who went to School, stole one of his School-fellows Horn-books, and brought it home to his Mother, who was so far from correcting and *discourging* him upon Account of the Theft - - -

Mrs. F. *Discouraging* him, my Dear, not *discourging*——

J. F. I won't read no more.

Mrs. F. Well then, you shan't, Child : But, *Johnny*, you grow a great Boy now ; you are a'most Fifteen ; you are rather too big to lie with my Maid now : Could'st not venture to lie alone, do you think ? Thou shalt lie in the next Room to me, Love.

J. F. I won't lie alone, so I won't ; I will lie with *Betty*.

Mrs. F. You shall lie in my Room, Child.

J. F. No.

Mrs. F. You shall lie a few Nights with me, Child, to wean you.

J. F. No, I will lie with *Betty*, and have her for my Wife too.

Mrs. F. What's that you say ? It is Time to part you, I see. You shall lie with her no more, depend on't, young Gentleman.

J. F. But I will, in spite of your Teeth !

Mrs. F. How ! Do you know who I am, Sirrah ? Your poor Father, who is dead and gone, said I should spoil you by my Fondness ; he has often foretold what it would come to, poor Man ! and now I begin to experience it true.

J. F. Father was a Simpleton.

Mrs. F. Do you abuse your dead Father, you impudent Rogue ? I shall take a Stick to you presently.

J. F. You had not best. I shall take another, if you do.

Mrs. F. What ! Do you threaten to strike your
Mother

Mother too, you rebellious Rascal? Is this your Return for all my Fondness? Have I cocker'd thee up for this?

J. F. You are justly served, like the Mother in the Fable.

Mrs. F. And have you the Impudence to tell me so, Villain! Then you shall have it indeed!

[Takes a Stick to strike him.]

J. F. You must catch me first, tho'——

[Runs off: She follows him.]

S C E N E II.

Bookish's Chamber in one of the Colleges at Cambridge.

BOOKISH, rising from Study.

BOOKS, of all earthly Things, my chief Delight;
My Exercise by Day, and Dreams by Night;
Dispassion'd Masters, Friends without Deceit,
Who flatter not; Companions ever sweet;
With whom I'm always chearful, from whom rise
Improv'd and better, if not good and wise;
Grave, faithful Counsellors, who all excite,
Instruct, and strengthen to behave aright;
Admonish us, when Fortune makes her Court;
And when she's adverse, solace and support.
Happy the Man, to whom ye are well known;
'Tis his own Fault, if ever he's alone.

[One knocks.]

Come in. [Enter Goodwill.] What, Goodwill? Welcome to my Soul,

As joyous Tidings from a distant Pole!
How fares my Friend? In Oxford's happy Clime,
How since our Parting hast thou spent thy Time?
In useful Studies, always at thy Books,
I make no Doubt; I see it in thy Looks.

Goodw.

Goodw. I wish, my Friend, your Compliment
were due,

Which seems much better to belong to you.
I find your Diligence means us all to top;
Your Room's as full of Books as *Crownfield's* Shop;
Not like *Charles Guzzle's*, who by shameful Sale
Has all his Books converted into Ale;
Swallow'd the Authors, that he should have read;
And got them in his Belly, not his Head;
There likely to prove bitt'rer to his Soul,
Than *John* in Vision found the eaten Roll.

Book. But you, if Fame speaks Truth, my dearest *Sam*,
Have robb'd your Belly oft, your Head to cram'.

Goodw. If so I have, I know, my gen'rous *Sie'*,
Your Sentiments in *that* with mine agree.
Learning is all Ambrosial Food, design'd
To please and nourish the immortal Mind.
What Food, what Feast, in Sweetness can compare
With *Tully's* Works? Or match what I find there?
O, those divine Orations! O, the Fire
That his *Philippics* in my Soul inspire!
By Zeal impassion'd, with indignant Eyes
In Majesty, methinks, I see him rise;
With elevated Voice my Fancy hears
Him thunder in th' astonish'd Senate's Ears;
Higher, and higher still, tempestuous rise
With boist'rous El'quence, till the Villain flies.
So have I seen a gloomy Cloud, sent forth
From the Almighty's Treasures in the North,
Roll Thunders, and the Traveller assail
With intermingled Snow, and Rain, and Hail.
At first he hopes t'endure in open Air,
But soon its Violence can no longer bear,
To Shelter flies, and now escapes not there!
O, Heav'n, inspire me with *Philippic* Rag;
Against th' *Antonii* of the present Age;
Urge me; O, urge, as warmly to oppose
These, these my Country's only dang'rous Foes!

Book. Goodwill, thy nobly-ambitious Soul, and mine,
 From early Childhood the same Way incline.
 No need of sweeter Nectar, oft I think,
 Than what at *Hippocrene's* Fount I drink.
 Just as you hither came, had I, my Friend,
 Of *Fenelon's* sweet Fable made an End;
 O, noble Work! What Wisdom quite Divine,
 What Beauty, what Invention, in it shine!
 If we its rich Delightfulness respect,
 'Tis like the Spring in all its Flow'rs bedeck'd.
 For matchless Wisdom, and instructive Lore,
 Like Autumn, rich with all its useful Store.
 What Sweetness tastes my Soul, in ev'ry Page!
 To none thy Glory yields, immortal Sage;
 To thee, to thee above all Poets wise,
Homer and *Virgil* both, in Honour rise.
 Nor taste I less among the Sages, Friend,
 Whose Works Religion teach, and recommend;
 And Virtue, always fairer than the Morn,
 In the rich Dress of Eloquence adorn.
 This, this, I deem, is Learning's noblest Use,
 This the most solid Good it can produce.
 Divine Religion takes the deepest Root,
 And bears most plenteous its celestial Fruit,
 When planted in improv'd, exalted Sense,
 As its best Soil, and Learning makes its Fence.
 In vain sly Foxes, and polluted Swine,
 Desire this Tree of Life to undermine;
 Repuls'd, they round it vainly howl and whine.

Goodw. Excellent Youth, I pride to call thee Friend;
 T' enlarge the Soul, is somewhat; more, to mend.
 Religious Zeal, with human Science join'd,
 Completely finish an accomplish'd Mind.
 Defective each alone, the Head and Heart
 Each other need, like nat'ral Gifts, and Art.
 Learning I love, Religion hold most dear:
 By this to still more elevated Sphere
 Man rises, and becomes half Angel here.

Bookish,

Bookish, laying his Hand on a Bible.

Here is the Book of Books, with Wisdom fill'd,
Sweet as the Manna, that from Heav'n distill'd;
Where each unvitiated Palate finds
The Relish, most delightful to their Minds;
A Par'dise, where Two Trees may be descry'd,
Of Knowledge, and of Life, to none deny'd;
A Library, sufficient, all alone,
To make us wise, if other there were none.

Goodw. In ev'ry thing my Soul agrees with thine:
'Tis a Collection, *Bookish*, as divine
As that of Spices, nam'd by Heav'n, that shed
It's sacred Unction on rob'd Aaron's Head;
As some great Prince, with high Esteem and Care,
Preserves a Cabinet of Jewels rare,
Antique, engrav'd, and set by Artists sage,
All curious Mon'ments of some distant Age;
So, but incomparably more, I prize
These rich Remains of sacred Authors wise.

Book. Come, let us now, my old, most welcome
Friend,
From these exalted Thoughts a while descend.
You first our Town and Colleges shall see,
And then receive Refreshment poor, but free.
[*They go out.*

S C E N E III.

*Rival meeting Goodwill and Bookish in the Court of
the College.*

RIVAL.

MR. *Goodwill*, your humble Servant; you are
welcome to *Cambridge*.

Goodw. Your most humble Servant, Sir; I hope
you are well.

Riv. Wo'n't you give me the Pleasure of seeing
you at my Chamber, before you leave the Town?

D 2

Goodw.

Goodw. It was a Pleasure I had propos'd to myself, if we had not met now.

Riv. You will very much oblige me.

Book. Let us first have your Company at my Room this Afternoon.

Riv. I will wait on you.

Both. Your Servant, Sir.

Riv. Yours, Gentlemen.

Alone, looking after them.

Go, noble Pair of Youths, by Nature kind,
 Enrich'd with all the Graces of the Mind;
 A Pattern to the rest in all your Ways,
 And ever first in Merit, and in Praise!
 Rouze, *Rival*, shake thyself, and rouze thy Mind;
 How slow thou mov'st! How far thou'rt left behind!
 With what Applause didst thou in public see
Bookish perform, and take his first Degree!
 Many a plodding Hour, and many a Pray'r
 'Twill cost me, ere I can with these compare,
 Not to be match'd, I fear, by any Pains;
 Yet Perseverance oft its End attains.
 Th' Attempt is noble, if it wants Success.
 'Tis our Part to endeavour, Heav'n's, to bless.
 Try, *Rival*; leave to Providence the rest;
 Be better, if not equal to the Best.
 The Nightingale, they say, does all Night long
 Indulge her various, much-lov'd, charming Song;
 And lest she sink, unwary, into Rest,
 Sits with a Thorn erect beneath her Breast;
 And, like it, late, or early in the Morn,
 I wake, while Emulation is my Thorn.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Lord Grand-clerck at Breakfast in his Chamber.

Enter Servant, and Bookseller's Apprentice.

SERVANT.

THE Bookseller, my Lord, has brought some Books, that your Lordship ordered.

Books. Plutarch's Lives, my Lord, Cornelius Nepos, and Perrault's Lives of illustrious Men.

[He lays them on the Table.]

L. Gr. Uncover them, and bid your Master procure me what other Lives he knows of.

[Bookseller and Servant go out.]

There shall not have been a great Man, whom I will not make, as it were, my familiar Friend.—What an Assembly of illustrious Personages are here! How I burn to be better acquainted with each of them; to partake of his Adventures, learn Greatness of Soul from him, and make the Love and Emulation of his Virtue Fewel to feed the sacred Spark of my own!

[Calls his Servant.]

Tom, come and take away the Tea-table. I am so impatient to begin my Acquaintance with them, that I have not Time to make an End of my Breakfast.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Lord Tinsel has sent to inquire whether your Lordship is at home, and is coming to make your Lordship a Visit.

L. Gr. Lord Tinsel! Must I quit a Hero's Conversation for his! What a Disappointment!

Enter Lord Tinsel.

L. T. Lord Grand-clerk, your most obedient humble Servant.

L. Gr. Your Lordship's most obedient.

L. T.

L. T. I am heartily glad to see your Lordship: How do you do, my Dear? [*He runs on with a pert Air.*] I am going to travel, and Mamma thought it was proper I should see the Two Universities first. I have been at *Oxford*, and now am come to see yours. Mr. *Goodwill* was so kind as to accompany me hither, but he thought he was hardly well enough acquainted with your Lordship to come with me hither, so went to visit his old School-fellow *Bookish*.

L. Gr. [*Talks coolly and gravely.*] He was little acquainted with me, indeed, if he thought a Youth of so much Worth as I take him to be, would not be highly welcome to me.

L. T. What! spending your Time among Books, my Lord! Your Lordship seems to live more like a Monk, than a Nobleman. How your Table is cover'd! Come let's have these Books taken away, and throw a Main or two at Hazard. What Books are they? They are very beautifully bound.

L. Gr. They are much more beautiful within: They are the Lives of illustrious Persons, such as it becomes you and me to be.

L. T. I am one of the first Barons in the Kingdom, and have Ten thousand a Year; Illustriousness enough, in my Opinion; I don't know what I need more.

L. Gr. Virtue, Knowledge, Wisdom, my Lord, to render you worthy of your Estate and Honour. The Persons to whom we are indebted for being nobly born, obtained their Nobility by some such Qualifications as these; whose Virtues we must inherit, as well as their Estates and Honour, if we have any Ambition to be truly noble and great.

L. T. I shall leave the Nobility you speak of, to your Lordship. Do you think I will pore over Books, as your Lordship, and plod, and drudge, as if I were to get my Bread by it? I must beg your
Lordship's

Lordship's Pardon for that! Ha, ha, ha! [*Admires himself in the Glass.*] Truly, I shall take my Pleasure, and leave Study to those that want it to qualify them to get a Livelihood.

L. Gr. Does your Lordship think, that Learning affords no Pleasure?

L. T. None at all, I assure you.

L. Gr. Oh! Learning is a most delightful Land, whatever Part of it you visit: It is Pity but your Lordship had first travell'd a little farther into *that*.

L. T. I shall take your Lordship's Word for the Pleasantness of it: As far as I have discovered, it appears a gloomy, chearless Place; all its Fruit is Crabs, and over-run with Thorns: The Ways to it are so bad, and there is so much Difficulty to get at it, that the Pleasure can never repay the Trouble and Expence of the Journey.

L. Gr. There is indeed a Fence of Thorns at the Entrance of it, to keep off *the great Vulgar, and the small*; for its Fruits, which you call Crabs, are too delicious to be gather'd by those that are not willing to be at some Labour to obtain them; but when once you are past these, the more you discover of it, the more a Paradise it grows.

L. T. I suppose your Lordship has seen every County of this very charming Land. I should be glad to hear some of the Names of them: Ha, ha, ha!

L. Gr. Why, *Poetry-shire, History-shire, Ethic-shire, Mathematic-shire*, and several other very pleasant and fruitful ones.

L. T. And which of them, I pray, does your Lordship like best?

L. Gr. They are all charming; but that in which I chuse most frequently to pass my Time, is *Politic-shire*. But since your Lordship has put me on describing this Country, pray give me Leave to name a few of the Counties of that, in which too many
young

young Gentlemen of Fortune seem resolved to spend their Days.

L. T. Pray do, my Lord : I want mightily to hear them. *[Giving himself Airs at the Glass.]*

L. Gr. The Country itself is called *Illiterata*, and some of the principal Counties are, *Dunce-shire, Ignoramus-shire, Coxcomb-shire, Contempt-shire*, with several others which I have not Time to enumerate. Now I would have your Lordship know, that I don't care to take a Title from any Place in it. I confess, I am ambitious to be a fine Gentleman, if I can.

L. T. Travel would make you that, my Lord.

L. Gr. Travel may give the finishing Stroke to a fine Gentleman, but I believe hardly any body ever attained that Character by Travel alone. But I suppose your Lordship would be glad to be viewing our University.——Tom, *[Enter Servant]* let Mr. *Bookish* know, that Lord *Tinsel* and I shall be glad of his and Mr. *Goodwill's* Company, to take a View of the Town and Colleges, and that I desire they will dine with us, at my Chamber; and tell Mr. *Rival* the same——And, heark you. *[Whispers.]* My Lord, I wait on you, if you please.

[They go out.]

The SCENE changes to Guzzle's Room.

SCENE V. Guzzle's Room.

RAKISH. GUZZLE.

Rak. **G**OOD Morrow, *Charles*, or rather, Good Noon; for I think it is about Eleven: What's the Matter, that thou yawn'st at this Rate? Thou'lt dislocate thy Jaw presently.

Guz. I was cursedly cut last Night, and should not have risen now, if you had not call'd me.——My Head akes confoundedly! *[Yawns again.]*

Rak.

Rak. Why, thou art but half-risen now, Man; thy Soul's a-bed still: Pr'ythee go look for it; 'tis somewhere thereabouts, or else at the Bottom of the great Jug, that you emptied so often last Night.

Guz. We had a jovial Night on't, and booz'd most heroically. I drank Three Quarts to my Share.

Rak. The Women, when they have the Vapours, fanfy themselves turn'd into Tea-pots. I wonder you Topers never imagine yourselves turn'd into Jugs, or Quart-pots.

Guz. Oh, Drinking keeps us from the Vapours.

Rak. But not from Clouds, I am sure. Thy Soul shines like the Sun behind a thick Fog in the Fens; not a Ray of it is to be seen; it only serves us to distinguish between Life and Death, as the Mist-veil'd Sun does to know Day from Night. Otherwise thou couldst do very well without it; for what if Matter cannot think? It can drink, I am certain, and that is all you want.

Guz. Get you to the Girls, you comical Cur; you have as little Need of a Soul as I, for you study no more than I do: Drefs and Amours are your whole Occupation, and Bodies may be drefs'd without a Soul, as well as with one. Will you meet me to Night at *Dick Threebottle's* Chamber?

Rak. Not I. I don't want to have my Face like yours, as red and corny as a Beef Stake broil'd and pepper'd. Will you lownge with me this Afternoon, and then go and drink Tea at *Sally Outside's*?

Guz. Not I. I leave her to her two Favourites, her Monkey and you, both Pretty Fellows, and fit Company for her; equally full of your Airs and Grimaces, and equally fair in your Minds and your Faces. My Service to your Rival *Pug*.

Rak. Good Morrow. Give mine to your Rival the *Jug*, which is likely at last to have had most Liquor in it.

E

Guz.

Guz. Stay, I will walk with you this Morning
tho' ; for I have nothing else to do.

[Goes out with him.]

Enter TIME.

Youths, Youths, again I call : You lose the Prime
For Diligence in Study. Now's the Time,
Like the industrious Man-instructing Bee,
To gather Honey from each Flow'r and Tree.
See, see with Shame, how they employ the Spring,
While you, of Winter thoughtless, sport and sing.
Juvenile Years, mis-spent in Sloth, preface
A needy and dishonourable Age.
Such Loss of precious Time alone is bad :
But you Debauches and Intemp'rance add ;
Down the swift Current haste with Sail and Oar,
Nor Quicksands mind, nor hidden Rocks explore.
If with all Arts against the Stream ye strive,
You'll soon enough at Death's near Port arrive :
He that would keep his Body and his Mind
In Order, for the Ends to each assign'd,
Must exercise them both ; yet both must spare,
And prudent Temp'rance make his daily Care.
They're gone ; they will not hear me, till too late ;
And then, perhaps, not blame themselves, but Fate.
Go, foolish Striplings, go ; condemn the Wise ;
Walk after your own Hearts, and roving Eyes ;
Yet know, the Mirth and Pleasures ye commend,
Must in a solemn serious Judgment end.

E N D of the Second Act.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

GOODWILL'S House.

Bookish knocks: A Servant comes.

Book. **I**S this Mr. Sergeant Goodwill's, Sir?

Servt. Yes, Sir.

Book. Is he at home?

Servt. Yes, Sir.

Book. I desire to speak with him.

Servt. Be pleas'd to send your Name, Sir.

Book. Bookish.

Servt. If you please to walk into that Parlour, Sir,
I will let him know it. [They go off.]

SCENE changes to Goodwill's Study, who shuts
his Book, rises, and speaks.

Day's a short Space, yet to improve the Mind
Scarce a dimin'tive Share of it's assign'd;
The rest Life's Offices or Needs employ;
We starve the Soul, but the vile Body cloy:
Oft Idleness and Sports engross the Whole,
And we so long forget we have a Soul.
He seems to me Existence to enjoy,
Whom useful Studies ev'ry Day employ;
While the unserviceable, idle Wight
But *lives* at most; and so does every Mite:
But *these* have no Account of Time to give;
We must account for ev'ry Day we live:
And yet, with wiser *Titus*, never say,
I've done no Good, and, careless, lost a Day.
Great Judge, before whose Bar I must appear,
And answer for the Loan of ev'ry Year;
On whom no Gifts prevail; whose perfect Sight
No Eloquence can turn from seeing Right;

E 2

So

So let me count my little Sum of Days,
That I may spend them wisely, to thy Praise!

Enter Servant.

Servt. A Gentleman, whose Name is *Bookish*,
wants you, Sir.

Goodw. I will wait on him. [*They go out.*]

SCENE changes. Enter Goodwill; to Bookish.

Goodw. Most welcome to my Eyes my Friend
appears;

I have not seen thee, *Bookish*, sev'ral Years:
I give thee Joy with most benev'lent Mind,
You're Master of your College chos'n, I find;
A younger rarely was, and are beside
With one of our best Dean'ries dignify'd;
A Preacher much admir'd. I've seen, my Friend,
Your printed Sermons, which all much commend.
This, this was what thy Industry and Parts
Bid me expect: So at *Newmarket* starts
Some gen'rous-blooded Steed, outstrips the Wind,
And leaves his fleetest Rivals far behind.

Book. Praise not deserv'd, my Soul but ill endures;
The Prize of El'quence, Friend, will still be yours,
For Skill in Law, and Pleading, noted far,
And term'd, so young, an Honour to the Bar.
What Eminence, my Friend, our Hope exceeds
Of one who, learn'd as *Tully*, like him pleads?
But let us lay these Compliments aside,
Nor thou, I hope, nor I, encourage Pride.
Whate'er we are, or any Creature is,
From God their Good proceeds; the Praise is His.
Let us go on, improve our Talents giv'n,
Perform our best, but only trust in Heav'n.
Thence comes Preferment, *there* is fought for best;
There let us first and last make Interest!

Goodw. So I resolve! Without Him some may rise,
But none can be without Him good, or wise;
And rather much had I be good, than great;
True Worth lies all in Wisdom, not in State.

Honour,

Honour, his Gift, would welcome be ; if not
 From Him, I'm satisfy'd ; enough I've got.
 However ready now my Tongue I find
 To make Defence, I always keep in Mind,
 That I must come to a Bar another Day,
 Where I shall hardly have a Word to say.
 If therefore I gain Wealth, be all I get
 Well earn'd, and purchas'd with due Pains and Sweat ;
 What Conscience can approve, and Heav'n may bless ;
 And 'twill be more, in Truth, tho' seeming less.
 He who by Fraud and Tricking fills his Chest,
 With Guilt as fast replenishes his Breast.
 And tho' his Wealth, like Bladders blown, distends,
 Yet like them, when they burst, it often ends.
 Will you dine with me ?

Book. I To-day design
 With the Lord *Grand-clerk*, our old Friend, to dine.

Goodw. You'll be most welcome there ; no Man
 on Earth

Is more a Friend to, more delights in Worth.

Book. Enjoy you still his Friendship ?

Goodw. Yes, and prize
 Like yours, ev'n almost equal to my Eyes.

Book. I find he a noble Character supports.

Goodw. No Man deserves it better, nor less courts.
 He's the best Speaker in the House of Peers,
 Whom each with as profound Attention hears,
 As if he were some Messenger of Light,
 Sent down from Heav'n to teach them Truth and
 Right.

As the touch'd Needle loves and seeks the Pole,
 To what is just, so tends and points his Soul.
 He's a good Husband, Father, Master, Friend,
 Whom, tho' few imitate, yet all commend ;
 The Scholar's Patron, Needy's surest Aid,
 The Man of whom all Vice is most afraid ;
 The Tradesman's certain Paymaster, at Sight,
 And ev'ry good and honest Man's Delight.

But

But let's retire to another Room; I fear
We often shall be interrupted here.

[*To his Servant.*] Whoever comes, I am not to be
seen;

The Hours till Noon are yours --- Come, Master *Dean*.
[*Shews him the Way. They go out.*]

S C E N E II.

Lord Grand-clerk in his Chair, reading.

He lays the Book down, rises, and speaks.

TO do a Nation Good, nay, perhaps, to transmit the Blessing to late Posterity! O, noble Instance of what a great and virtuous Man may do! O, true Ambition, and worthy of an Angel!

Enter his Gentleman.

Gentl. The Lord *Tinsel* is coming to wait on your Lordship.

L. Gr. I shall be glad to see his Lordship.

L. T. My dear Lord *Grand-clerk*; *Votre très-obeissant Serviteur!*

L. Gr. Your Lordship's most obedient. You are welcome to *England*; I was afraid *France* had wholly got you from us.

L. T. Your Lordship might well fear it; I could never have left the dear, dear Country, if Affairs of some Consequence had not obliged me to return. I can hardly bear the *English* Nation; such *Barbâres!* How does your Lordship like my Habit? I see your Lordship takes Notice of it. Is it not quite rich and jantee? What does your Lordship think of me?

L. Gr. Of your Dress, I suppose your Lordship means.

L. T. Of my Dress, or me, my Lord, it will come all to the same; my Dress is Part of me.

L. Gr.

L. Gr. I am sorry to hear your Lordship say so.

L. T. Why, my Lord?

L. Gr. Because the Clothier, Lace-man, and Taylor, and several other Mechanics, would each have contributed their Share towards making Part of your Lordship; which would not be for your Honour: besides that a jointed Baby or Puppet might even have more Merit than Part of your Lordship; for they might be more richly dressed.

L. T. Well, what does your Lordship think of my *Dress* then?

L. Gr. Why, I think it as extraordinary a one as I have ever seen.

L. T. And so it is, be assured, my Lord; all the best Hands in *Paris* were employ'd for me some Weeks before I came away. What do you think this Suit cost?

L. Gr. More by half than it is worth, I make no Question; about fourscore Guineas perhaps.

L. T. Two hundred, I protest, my Lord: But by-the-way, who is your Lordship's Tailleur? Your Lordship's Dress is truly *Angloise*. You must excuse me, my Lord; but I vow you make almost as grotesque a Figure as *Robinson Crusoe*, and would be stared at as much, if you were at *Paris*. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Gr. That may possibly be your Fate, my Lord, even in your own Country. Dress may possibly be your Lordship's principal Care, but it is my last, I assure you.

L. T. O, fie, my Lord, that's very wrong; what is a Man without it?

L. Gr. Some Men, I confess, would be despicable enough without it.

L. T. Has your Lordship seen my Chariot?

L. Gr. No, my Lord.

L. T.

L. T. Then your Lordship has seen nothing : You may view it at the Window ; 'tis the finest that ever came from *France* into *England* : Coach, Harness, Horses, Servants, all are *French*. How does your Lordship like it ?

L. Gr. 'Tis glaringly fine.

L. T. It had need be so ; the Coach alone cost a thousand Pounds.

L. Gr. Your Lordship is so magnificent, that I hope you will give an assisting Hand to a Work, that some other Noblemen and myself are now about.

L. T. What may that be, my Lord ? [*At the Glass.*

L. Gr. We are making a Subscription towards maintaining an Infirmary at *Hyde Park* ; I hope your Lordship will subscribe to it.

L. T. I must beg your Lordship's Pardon for that : I have other Employments enough for my Money.

L. Gr. I am sorry your Lordship does not think Charity as becoming a Nobleman, as Finery.

L. T. Your Notions, my Lord, are as old-fashion'd as your Dress. If it had been for the Opera, the Masquerade, or Ridotto, I might have come into it. Did you take Notice of this Lace, my Lord ? 'Tis thought to be the finest that ever came out of *Flanders*.

L. Gr. I don't regard Lace. Has your Lordship read this Book ? [*Shewing him the Book he had been reading.*] 'Tis excellently written.

L. T. I don't regard Books.

L. Gr. The more is the Pity.

L. T. Why so, my Lord ? What Good can Books do ?

L. Gr. Improve a Man's Understanding, and preserve him from being a Coxcomb.

L. T. Oh, Travel will much better preserve a Man from that. [*At the Glass.*

L. Gr.

L. Gr. If all were to improve by it as much as your Lordship. Well, I hope, a View of *France* has given your Lordship a due Value for the *English* Constitution in Church and State.

L. T. Not in the least; I think all Churches alike, and wish there were none; and even adore the Politeness of the *French* Court.

L. Gr. 'Tis no more than we had Reason to expect. I hope your Lordship will vote with us against this Bill, that the Nation is so disturbed about, and which will certainly be attended with very ill Consequences.

L. T. My Vote is engaged, my Lord.

L. Gr. I am sorry for it. But, has your Lordship heard of another, which is shortly to be brought in?

L. T. What is that, my Lord?

L. Gr. That no *Englishman* should wear any thing that is *French*.

L. T. O, horrid! Why it would be destructive of all our Liberty. I hope your Lordship will vote against it.

L. Gr. My Vote is engaged, my Lord.

L. T. I hope your Lordship will consider better of a Thing of that Moment. But I must bid your Lordship Good Morrow: I must be at Court at One o'Clock; and so am again your Lordship's *très-obéissant Serviteur*.

L. Gr. Your Lordship's most observant. What a Butterfly! It is strange, that we can neither finish a Fool, nor a wise Man, at home; but to have either of them in Perfection, must be forced to send them abroad. [*Rings.*] Is my Coach at the Door?

Gentl. It is, my Lord.

[*He goes out.*]

SCENE III. *Covent Garden.*

RAKISH. GUZZLE.

Guz. **O**LD Crony, how goes it? Your humble
Servant.

Rak. Yours heartily, old Friend! [*They salute.*]

Guz. I have not seen you so long, I hardly knew
you.

Rak. That may be accounted for another way,
Charles.

Guz. How?

Rak. Why, I was one of your Auditory just now
at the Lecture here, and blush'd for you so when
you talk'd against Drinking, that I suppose nobody
will know me, till I have by degrees recover'd my
Complexion.

Guz. O, you will easily do that, if you lay a
Poultice of white Bread and Milk to it at Night, as
you often do, in order to look fair, and be admir'd
for a fine Skin. But I am glad to find you *can*
blush, *Ned*; I thought nothing could have made
you do it.

Rak. Nay, I was not the only Thing that blush'd;
your very Gown seem'd to me to do the same, and
to be changed into a Purple; but that might pos-
sibly be occasion'd by the Reflection from your
Face. Well, hast thou got a fat Living yet?

Guz. No, I am still on a Curacy, as lean and
worthless as yourself.

Rak. Thou wouldst not be *there*, if the Parson of
the Parish regarded any thing but saving Five
Pounds a Year. Why, *Bookish* is Master of our
College, is lately made a Dean, and has Six hundred
Pounds a Year in Preferment.

Guz. So they say. But what have you got?
Hast married a great Fortune yet?

Rak. Not yet; but I hope to do it quickly.

I

Guz.

Guz. So thou hast done these twenty Years to my certain Knowledge. Why thou art not Master of thy Trade, sure; thou shouldst have bound thyself 'Prentice to an *Irishman*: When are *they* so long about it? I can compare thee to nothing but a worthless old Greyhound, that has run many a Course, but never caught any thing: After all his stretching and chopping, all the Hares have either the Heels of him, or give him the Slip. Why, *Goodwill* has married a fine young Lady with Twelve thousand Pounds, and bids fair to be a Judge; while thou, instead of studying the Law, hast done nothing, but, Spider-like, weave Nets for the Female Sex, in which little ones are taken, while great ones break through them. But come, let's take a Bottle together, since we are met.

Rak. A Bottle is always uppermost in thy Thoughts. Well, let it be but One, then; for I would not have my Face suffer any farther by your means.

Guz. Thy Face is thy whole Care; and yet I wonder thou art not ashamed to shew it, after so many Disappointments. Come, we will go into that Tavern. --- Ha! is not that *Wild-rogue*, that turn'd the Corner in that fine Chariot?

Rak. The very same, depend on't.

Guz. Why, I thought he had been either at the Top of the Ladder, or the Bottom of the Sea. How came he by a Chariot?

Rak. Very honourably at last. I was in his Company a while ago, and he gave me an Account of his Reformation. The first Thing, he said, that ever had any Effect upon him, was his hearing the Miller's Wife, who was rating her Son, as he chanc'd to go by their Door, tell him, he would prove as great a Rogue as *Tommy Wild-rogue*. He did not like, he said, to become a Proverb, and desired his Father, that he might go to Sea;

where the very second Day they had like to have perish'd in a Storm, which frighted him so, that he vow'd to reform, if he escaped; since which Time he took up; and now, they say, there is not a better Sea Officer, or a Man of more Honour, in his Majesty's Service.

Guz. What unexpected Events one meets with in Life! Can every-body then succeed, but we? Do you know what became of the Fool *Fondler*? You were acquainted with the Family.

Rak. Just what you might expect: He continued to be *Betty's* Bedfellow, till she was with Child by him. After that, he prov'd so vicious and undutiful, that he broke his Mother's Heart; notwithstanding which he found one, that was unwise enough to marry him, for the sake of his Estate; whom he treated abominably, till he had plagued her to Death: After which he was bringing up his Son and Daughter as he was educated himself; when, very luckily for them, he died. In short, he was so vile a Fellow, that his Life was a Misfortune, and his Death a Blessing, to all that had to do with him. But come, I want this Bottle.

[*They go out.*

TIME appears, and calls after them.

Friends, Friends! I call once more. Behold your Glafs,

And see how low, how swift, the Minutes pass.
Repent, amend, use well the small Remains
Of Life, and wash off all its former Stains:
It is not yet too late; so good is He,
So patient, who thus calls on you, by me!
From me they fly, and will not yet regard.
Must I still--- still apply in vain? O, hard!
Others, sometimes, reform; but rare we see
Th'Amendment of the Sot and Debauchee!

[*Goes out.*

END of the Third Act.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

BOOKISH, *now a Bishop, alone.*

O THOU, the wise Dispenser of our Fate,
 Who sayst to Those, Be mean; to These, Be
 great;
 Who from a Child hast led me on to Age,
 And giv'n me Favour on the World's great Stage;
 Assist me now to act this hardest Part,
 And, with my State, enlarge my Mind and Heart;
 Then make the Fruits of my Endeavours mine,
 And all the Praise and Glory shall be thine!

Enter Doctor RIVAL.

Well pleas'd, my Lord, to find my Foresight true,
 I hasted with Congratulations due.
 May you your Honour long enjoy, and rise,
 Till the next Step must be above the Skies!
 Nor gratulate I, on it, only You,
 But the whole Church, to which you Honour do.
 Merit, like yours, set in the fairest Light,
 Is ev'n a public Good, and shines more bright,
 Like Beacons plac'd on Hills seen far and wide;
 Sublimed, clearer, and by more descry'd.
 A Bishop, like the primitive, in you,
 Wise, pious, charitable, learn'd, we view;
 In whom the Virtues human and divine
 Each other aid, and all in Concord join:
 This, this, great Prelate, is the public Voice,
 And Heav'n, and Earth, that you're advanc'd,
 rejoice.

Book.

Book. Your Compliments I gratefully receive,
 My Friend; you truly prize me, I believe;
 But speak too much, if said behind my Back;
 Which could I bear, I Modesty must lack;
 Without which all Accomplishments, you know,
 Are worthless Tinsel, with a glitt'ring Show.
 Now, since you first have practis'd such Excess,
 You must expect yourself t'endure no less.
 Reproach and Blame produce Reproach and Blame,
 And Praise, learn'd Doctor *Rival*, does the same.
 Your Merit, granted by your very Foes,
 I well have mark'd, and Heav'n yet better knows;
 Th'Almighty's Eyes run to and fro on Earth,
 And mark exactly each Degree of Worth;
 To each his Wisdom, and just Providence,
 Blessings most fit, and due Rewards, dispense.
 To all well-chosen Posts his Care assigns,
 And each Man in his prop'rest Station shines.
 A careful Journal is preserv'd above,
 In which thy Studies, Pray'rs, and Work of Love,
 Are all set down; for thee, my Friend. For thee
 Does Heav'n, I trust, Advancement too decree.
 As me you've striv'n in Virtues to exceed,
 May't recompense you with an equal Meed!

Riv. Humble, as great, thy Virtues I must own
 I've copy'd long; but what Deficiency shown!
 So, when admir'd by all, the heav'nly Bow
 Arches the Sky, and all its Colours glow,
 Another oft, but less intire and plain,
 Strives to resemble it, but strives in vain;
 Little regarded, while its utmost Skill
 Scarce Half expresses, and that Half but ill.

Book. Hold, Friend! You praise me far beyond
 my Due;
 But were (which I deny) the Likeness true,
 At best we boast of unsubstantial Shows,
 And quickly vanish, like those heav'nly Bows.

Riv.

Riv. Reflection sad, my Lord, that greatest Worth
Is but a transient Vapour here on Earth;
And *That*, alas! must disappear so soon,
Which well deserves t'outlast the Sun and Moon!

Book. O, Doctor, were the Virtuous not to die,
The World would gain, but They lose much thereby.
You've heard, no Doubt, *Goodwill*, our worthy
Friend,

Has got the Seals, on which I now intend
To gratulate him; if you so incline,
Go and perform your Compliments with mine.

Riv. That Duty I with Pleasure soon shall pay, }
My Lord, but now am call'd another Way. }
Good Morrow, my good Lord. }

Book. Doctor, Good Day! }

[*They go out.*]

SCENE II.

GOODWILL, now Lord Chancellor.

O POW'R of doing Good, thou noblest Gem,
That dignifies the Monarch's Diadem,
Thee with far greater Gladness I embrace,
Than all the Honours that my Station grace;
If Heav'n advances Mortals, *Goodwill*, know,
'Tis to do Good, and not for Pride and Show:
To Numbers let thy Influence extend;
Be ev'ry bad Man's Foe, and good Man's Friend;
Behold the Public with a Father's Eye;
Live for it, and, if needful, for it die.

Enter Bookish.

Book. I now return the Compliment you made,
My Lord, on my Advancement; soon repaid!
And on your new high Honour, Friend most dear,
Congratulate you much with Heart sincere.

Know

Know too, the Public no less pleas'd than me
Appears, and all with one Consent agree,
The *British* Nation never yet could boast
A Chancellor more worthy of the Post.

Goodw. Your Compliment I thankfully receive,
My Lord, your Kindness do sincere believe.
The rest you added in so high a Strain,
Did I not know myself, I might be vain;
But hope to make it be by all allow'd,
That, if unworthy, still I am not proud.

Book. I doubt it not, my Lord. Your Lordship
knows,
That Wisdom, Grace, and Honour GOD bestows;
Not better we, when rais'd to higher Place,
But only more indebted to His Grace.
Bless'd by Him, have we mounted from the Ground
Thus soon to our Ambition's topmost Round:
But tho' on Earth we nothing more desire,
Both may to Heav'n with longing Hearts aspire;
Treas'ring this precious Maxim in our Breast,
Who there obtains the most, succeeds the best;
Ev'n tho', on Earth, in a much lower Sphere
He mov'd, and gain'd nor Wealth nor Honour here.

Goodw. He does, my Lord, to whom the Mitre
owes,
More Honour than its Sacredness bestows;
And thence, of all th' Accomplishments you boast,
Know, that my Soul esteems your Goodness most:
Industrious Dil'gence, and capacious Parts,
Are noble Qualities, and raise all Hearts
T'admire their Worth; but Goodness still outweighs
Ev'n these and all, and is the highest Praise.
Without it, Friend, whatever be our Style,
The Honour is disgrac'd, and we more vile;
Honours like Robes, their Badge adorn, but load;
And more require of *us*, for more bestow'd.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Servt. [*To Goodwill.*] My Lord, a Gentleman who calls himself *Rakish*, desires the Favour of speaking to your Lordship.

Goodw. Tell him he must excuse me: I have Affairs of Moment on my Hand.

[Servant goes out.]

Poor Man! he comes to ask, enforc'd by Want,
What I must never but to Merit grant.
If I have Grace to act what I intend,
Merit shall be my Kinsman and my Friend.
Of *that*, by long Acquaintance well assur'd,
Your Deanery for *Rival* I've procur'd.

Book. I joy to hear what I presag'd before,
And hope, his Worth will yet advance him more.
Shabby, dispirited, and quite forlorn,
Guzzle was at my House this very Morn;
But no Admittance to me gain'd, tho' gown'd;
My Brother, such, had like Reception found.
O, how to see a worthless Man I grieve!
Sad Sequel of *his* Faults, and that of *Eve*!
Clad with Disgrace and Guilt, despis'd, unblest'd,
And wholly useless, but to warn the rest.
But most lament I, when I see such Stain
The priestly Dignity and Name profane;
To what strange Contradiction these are driv'n!
Satan they serve, t'opprobrious Vices giv'n,
Yet, shameless, wear the Livery of Heav'n. }
A Clergyman, with heav'nly Virtues bright,
Should burn with Zeal, and be a shining Light;
But if his Light be quench'd by Vice, or Drink,
Emits offensive Smoak and noisome Stink.

Goodw. Yet scorn I not the Vile, but pity much;
Who, who, my Lord, but might have been just such,
Or even worse? But Grace celestial some
Quickens and guards till to good Fruit they come,
That the admiring World in them may see
What the whole Species was design'd to be;

G

While

While some are left to shew th'Effects of Sin,
And what th' whole Race of Mortals might have
been.

Hear you, my Lord, of an Advancement new,
On which your Compliments are likewise due ?
Lord *Grand-clerk*, Friend, in whom Mankind may see
All they could wish a Nobleman to be,
Made Duke of *Kingsdown*, with the Garter grac'd,
Succeeds the premier Minister displac'd.

Book. Fresh Cause of Joy the grateful News
imparts

To mine, my Lord, and all true *English* Hearts.
None but the Guardian Angels, that protect
Our State, more wisely could its Helm direct.
My Lord, Good Night,---No farther ; --- I implore.

[*To the Chancellor going with him.*

Goodw. My Coach, my Lord, waits for me at
the Door. [*They go out.*

S C E N E III. Guzzle's Room.

RAKISH, and GUZZLE in his Chair.

Rak. *C*HARLES, how dost ? I am sorry to see
thee in such a Condition!

Guz. Ah, *Ned*, very bad ! very bad ! Never was
Wretch in worse Circumstances ! Here am I so ill of
a Dropfy, as you see, without Physician, or Nurse ;
without Money, or Friend ; in Debt for every thing,
and my Credit so bad, that nobody will trust me
for a Farthing ; so that if I die not of my Distem-
per, I am in Danger of starving, or coming to the
Parish ; and even in this Condition my Landlord
would turn me out of Doors, but that he does not
know how to get such a Burden down Stairs ! Take
a Chair, if there be ever a one fit to sit on. Oh !
Oh !

Rak.

Rak. Would not Dr. *Bookish* do something for you ?

Guz. It is hard, *Ned*, to go a begging to one whose Equal I once reckon'd myself ; yet I was forc'd to it, and he several times refus'd to see me, but sent me twice a Couple of Guineas, which are all gone ; the last Six-pence went for this Quartern of Brandy. Wil't have a Sip ?

Rak. I care not if I have ; for, assure yourself, my Circumstances are little better than your own. A debauch'd Life has broke my Constitution, and the other ill Consequences of it have broke my Heart. My Money is all gone ; my Credit as bad as yours, and where to get a Dinner, I know not.

Guz. Will not *Goodwill* do somewhat for you ?

Rak. He won't see me, but sent me five Guineas, the last of which is all gone ; and now, if I thought there was no other Life, I would soon rid myself of this.

Guz. Ah, *Ned*, it is ill venturing that ! Tho' I have lived as if I thought there was no other World, yet I feel something within, that makes me fear there is ! That may be the way to make thyself more miserable in another Life, than thy Folly has done in this : And what would that be but to crown all thy past Folly with the highest Instance of it at last ?

Rak. What then shall I do ? How miserable is he, who is neither fit to die, nor live !

Guz. How soon Life is gone, *Ned* ! But I should have thought of that before ! O for one of the Years that I have lost ! But I am now ashamed to live, and could be willing to die, if I was not afraid ; for nothing but Religion and Virtue, *Ned*, can face Death with Assurance. To the Virtuous it is sweetened by comfortable Hope ; but to such as us it is indeed the King of Terrors, and the very

Quintessence of Bitterness. --- I would pray, --- but I fear it is too late !

Rak. Farewel, *Charles* ; I shall see thee no more in this World !

Guz. Will you leave me so soon, *Ned* ?

Rak. You affect me so much, that I shall die first, if I stay. O my Heart ! What I feel ! Farewel ! *Charles* --- Farewel ! [*Weeps, and goes out.*]

Guz. A last Farewel ! O this Water ! this Water ! Flow, my Eyes, flow ! Vent a little of it for me ! [*Weeps.*] O *Time ! Time !* That we had hearkned to thee, when we were young !

Enter his Landlord.

Landl. How are you, Sir ? I am sorry to see you look so ill.

Guz. I am very ill indeed, Landlord, both in Body and Mind !

Landl. I hope I bring you some Comfort with respect to both. My Lord Bishop has heard of your Condition, and sent his Servant just now with Orders to provide a Nurse for you, and send for a Physician, and to let you want nothing, that is proper for you, and he will see me paid, both that, and what you owe for your Lodging.

Guz. I thank him. It is more than I deserve : But I shall not trouble any body long.

Landl. Hope the best, Sir. I will send away for a Physician, and get a Nurse, that we may do what is in our Power for you, however. Your Servant, Sir.

Guz. Hope is drowned in me, Landlord, and just is my Punishment ; for Grace I wilfully drowned long ago ! Oh my Mind ! My Mind ! What I feel in my Body is a Trifle, compar'd to it.

[*The Scene shuts.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Lord GRAND-CLERK, as now Duke of Kingsdown,
and the Lord TINSEL.*

S C E N E, *St. James's.*

L. T. **M**Y Lord Duke, your most obedient humble Servant.

Duke. My Lord, I am yours.

L. T. I heartily congratulate your Grace, on your new Post and Honour.

Duke. I thank your Lordship. Why, your Lordship is become an *Englishman*, and are as plainly dress'd as myself; how comes that to pass?

L. T. Ah! my Lord Duke, I am as much chang'd within, as without; and indeed it was high Time; for I have driven on so fast, that I have quite out-run my Estate, and reduc'd myself to such Circumstances, that if your Grace does not employ your good Offices for me, I must be oblig'd to quit *England*. In short, I have sold all that I could, and not discharg'd half my Debts. I am ashamed to shew my Face; and appear as I do, partly by way of Penance, and partly in hopes that nobody will know me in this Dress.

Duke. I am sorry for your Lordship's Circumstances; but what would you have me do for you?

L. T. I would beg your Grace to obtain some Place for me of his Majesty, that, together with better Management, and a retir'd Life, may help me by Degrees to pay off my Debts. I am sensible, that I do not deserve it, but hope his Majesty will consider me as a Nobleman, and your Grace as a Kinsman.

Duke. I am glad to hear your Lordship express so just a Sense of Things. I am touch'd at your Condition, but much more by the Manner in which you declare it to me. I have something of that Nature at present in View, am going to his Majesty, and will endeavour to obtain it for you.

L. T. Your Grace will infinitely oblige me, and, I hope, find my future Conduct make some Amends for my past.

Duke. I pray it may, and shall rejoice to see it. I am your Lordship's humble Servant.

L. T. Your Grace's most obediently.

[They go out.]

END of the Fourth Act.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Duke of Kingsdown, at his own House, alone.

HOW little am I the happier for this envy'd Exaltation ! How oft do I regret the Want of your Company, my best Friends, my Books ! How sweetly enjoy these Moments of Solitude and Silence ; but how rarely can I obtain them ! What a Burden have I taken up, under which I am press'd like *Atlas* beneath the celestial Sphere ! Now, *Grand-clerk*, thou wilt find, what thy Conduct has hitherto escap'd, Enemies, even if as undeserv'd as before. Be vigilant ; watch as *Palinurus* should have done ; for if, like him, thou noddest, thou wilt be taken at an Advantage, as he was : And while thou sittest wakeful, and directest the Helm of State, let the Public Good be thy Pole-star ; and, where that is not visible, Integrity thy Compass ! Let Posterity say, This and this Good was wrought under the Ministry of the *Duke of Kingsdown* ; and leave the Opposition of Malecontents to be over-rul'd, or permitted to work, as Providence thinks fit !

Enter the Lord Tinsel.

My Lord *Tinsel*, Good Morrow ; your Lordship's humble Servant.

L. T. [Very submissively.] I am your Grace's most obedient. I wish your Grace a good Day, and that your Grace will give me one.

Duke. I hope I shall, my Lord ; for I must now inform you, that tho' the Place I ask'd for your Lordship be so good a one, that any of the best
Speakers

Speakers in the House would be thankful for it ; yet his Majesty, graciously considering the Situation of your Lordship's Affairs, has been pleas'd to say, you shall have it.

L. T. I am highly indebted to his Majesty's Goodness, and no less to your Grace's.

Duke. There is some Relation between us, and we have been acquainted almost from Infancy ; and on both these Accounts I have a very tender Regard for your Lordship, of which I am now going to give you the highest Proof, by making your Lordship a Present of the most valuable Thing I can ; a little good Advice, relating to a Point, concerning which the Defect in your Lordship's Education, and Want of Application in your riper Years, have made your Lordship a less competent Judge than myself.

L. T. Your Grace will singularly oblige me, and I shall receive it as from the Mouth of an Angel.

Duke. Let me then intreat your Lordship, not to express such a Contempt of Religion, as you have hitherto accustom'd yourself to do ; for there is nothing, that can less become any Man. If your Lordship has any Doubts about it, apply yourself gravely, and with a good Intention, to those that may be able to answer them. The Fault of too many is, that, in favour of their natural Inclinations, they hastily condemn it, without giving its Advocates a patient and fair Hearing : And yet, what is serious, and worthy of a sober and careful Inquiry, if Religion be not ? If your Lordship examines carefully, you will find it worthy to proceed from the Deity, and that nothing is so much for the Honour, the Interest, and Happiness of Mankind. Take away Religion, and Man would be created without any End that is suitable to the Divine Wisdom, and be a Blot and Error in the Creation. In short, the Man that reverences it not, is blind ; the Tongue
that

that speaks against it, deserves — I will not say what.

L. T. To be torn out with burning Pincers, and flung in his Face. The Zeal and Majesty of your Lordship's Goodness have made a Convert of me already, who rather indulg'd myself in this Fault as fashionable, than was seriously convinced by the Objections of the Irreligious.

Duke. If your Lordship, as I hope, is sincere, I need say the less upon what I have farther to recommend. Your Lordship sees to how small a Compass high Play, profuse Living, and Want of Economy, have reduced the fine Estate of your Ancestors. Can your Lordship bear the Disgrace of depriving your Posterity of what they had the Praise of leaving to theirs? Nay, if your Lordship goes on, as you have done hitherto, you will not only deprive your own Family of what they ought to have receiv'd from you, but many other Families also. In short, your Lordship, who was qualified to have been a Blessing to many, by your Misconduct will rob and be a Misfortune to Numbers. And can you bear the Thoughts of it? Has the Man any thing noble in him, who does not pay his Debts? I hope your Lordship (as you seem'd inclin'd) will correct this Particular also, and endeavour by Prudence and Justice to become the Honour your Ancestors have transmitted to you.

L. T. If I do not, my Lord Duke, let Heaven and Earth renounce me! I fell into all this Misconduct for want of a better Education, and of improving my Understanding, as your Grace did yours, in my Youth. I have now liv'd long enough to have learnt some Sense from Experience, which is awaken'd all at once, by the Brightness of your Grace's Example, and the Light of the Truths that you have utter'd, with your usual convictive Force of Reason.

H

Duke.

Duke. It gives me the highest Satisfaction to hear your Lordship express yourself in this Manner, and the more, to think that I have been at all instrumental in producing so happy a Change.

L. T. As a Proof, that I now begin to think right, I assure your Grace, that I am sensible, that the Favour and Benefit which I have just now received from you, tho' very considerable, is by no means to be compar'd to this.

Duke. Your Lordship judges very justly concerning it. Accompany me now to Court, that you may kiss his Majesty's Hand, and return him Thanks for his Goodness. [*They go out.*]

S C E N E II.

GOODWILL visiting BOOKISH at his House.

MY Lord, your Servant. I was told To-day,
That you were sick ; and came that Hour away,
To see you, anxious for my Friend most dear ;
But much rejoice to see you well appear.

Book. My Lord, I'm thankful for your kind
Concern :

With fev'rish Heats my Blood began to burn ;
Which now, by Heav'n's Assistance, are dispers'd,
And but alarm'd and warn'd me, at the worst.

Goodw. May Heav'n your Lordship's Health and
Strength restore,
More perfect, and more lasting, than before !
Long Life, bestow'd on such consummate Worth,
Is ev'n a public Blessing to the Earth.
Its best Friend Virtue loses, when you drop,
My Lord ; and Piety its firmest Prop.
But, ah ! the Useless, Profligate, and Knave,
Are best forgot, and hidden in the Grave.

There sleeps *Ned Rakish*, Dust without a Name,
And from the Eyes of Men conceals his Shame;
Who ev'n a Coffin, after all his Pride,
Had wanted, had not I th' Expence supply'd.
An unexpected Visitor, and Friend,
I came just Time enough to see his End;
A moving Scene of Penitence sublime,
Which had a deal to do in little Time;
Consolant by him stay'd to his last Gasps,
And as he dy'd, receiv'd a tender Grasp;
And hope, that true Compunction, tho' so late
And short, might much alleviate his Fate.

Book. There wretched *Guzzle* hides his shameful
Face,

And will the Church and Man no more disgrace:
Quite destitute, tho' once I knew him proud,
He ow'd to me his Coffin, and his Shroud.
I was with him, a while before his Death,
Nor left him, till he drew his latest Breath;
Reprov'd his shameful Life with Language free,
And found him as repentant as could be.
Such great, affecting, noble Penitence,
Grief so sincere, with such exalted Sense,
Had made the hardest Heart on Earth relent,
The most abandon'd Profligate repent.
I also for him su'd with Tears and Pray'r,
Nor could, where such Repentance was, despair.

Goodw. Tho' there be Hope of Penitence sincere,
Yet, when so late, it leaves us much to fear.
Wise is the Man, who, yet in Health, begins
Th' important Work of Penitence for Sins!
A Work so great requires not Hours, but Years;
A Course of better *Deeds*, as well as *Tears*.
The longest Life, indeed, is far too short,
Far, to perform it in becoming Sort.

Book. Add, who neglects it now, may not have
Space
For it at Death; or if he has, want Grace.

Lo, these are hence remov'd my dearest Friend,
 To warn, and bid us meditate our End.
 How fleet is Life! How short our Grievs or Joys!
 How brief a Space it seems since we were Boys!
 Oh, that Men will not labour well t'employ
 So small a Space, to gain eternal Joy!

Goodw. Life's like a Servant's Visit, where we stay,
 Uncertain when we shall be call'd away;
 Yet, many do, alas! mis-spend the Whole;
 Tho' One repentant Hour *might* save their Soul.
 They know not, whether One does yet remain;
 Yet will they not bestow so small a Grain,
 Such Wretchedness to 'scape, such Bliss attain. }

Book. Eternity! thou pleasing, awful Thought!
 When I reflect how little Good I've wrought,
 I tremble at thee! Yet, when I do right,
 Inspir'd with Hope, in thee how I delight!
 The least, least Glimpse of thee is of more Worth,
 Than all the Wealth and Pleasures on the Earth!

Goodw. There, in the Hand of right-dispensing Fate,
 The truest Wealth, and noblest Honours, wait;
 Which if we lose, we shall be poor and vile,
 Tho' rich, at present, honour'd here a while.
 Which if we gain, we shall be rich and great,
 Tho' here we liv'd in poor and low Estate.
 This Life will soon (Who knows how quickly?) end. }
 To Heav'n now let us both aspire, my Friend;
 For that, with nobler Rivalship, contend! }
 Good Morrow, my good Lord; ---no farther, pray! ---

Book. I'm well, my Lord, nor have Excuse to stay.
 [*They go out.*

TIME appears.

[Time, addressing himself to them.

O Honour to Mankind, my Sons most dear,
 Long, long advance your Maker's Glory here!
 Long live; my present Boast, my future Theme,
 And reap from all due Praises and Esteem!

And

And with you *Kingsdown's* Duke, the State's Support;
 Three Men, as great as e'er adorn'd a Court!
 Just in Reward, the Pow'r whom ye adore,
 For Time well us'd intends to grant you more.
 To blefs and honour ev'n your setting Ray,
 And crown with glorious Eve your fine long Day.
 And when ye're fet, and number'd with the Dead,
 Your Praises still shall thro' the Nations spread;
 Just as the Sun, tho' now beneath the Ground,
 With glorious Colours decks th' Horizon round:
 Your Name and Mem'ry be as sweet Perfume,
 That, spreading, charms each Person in the Room.
 Good Deeds, productive of as good a Name,
 Like Incense, thrown into the Altar's Flame,
 (Their Emblem meant) shine odorously bright,
 And by their Fragrance Heav'n and Earth delight.

The SCENE closes.

Time, addressing himself to the Audience.

And now, Sons, Daughters, all who sit to view,
 Imagine me, each of ye, sent to you.
 Rouze, rouze, before it be too late; be wise,
 And open to momentous Truth your Eyes;
 Esteem my Hours, as Things of Use and Worth,
 Not wholly meant for Vanity, and Mirth.
 The best of you, I know, would blush for Shame,
 Should I produce their Diary and Name:
Cbloe, What useful have you done To-day,
 Except alone the seeing of our Play?
 And that, for giving you this good Advice,
 I fear you purpose never to see twice.
 Proud of your Birth and Fortune, *Marcus*, know
 'Tis not enough to be a perfect Beau;
 More, many more Accomplishments you need,
 To be esteem'd a Gentleman indeed.
 Transgressor *Portius*, skill'd in Vice alone,
 Let Time to come for your past Faults atone.
 See what the lawless Libertine and Sot
 Have by their Pleasures and Intemp'rance got;

A

A hasten'd Period, Want, Disease, and Pain,
 Contempt, Remorse, and Guilt, was all their Gain.
 Warn'd by Example, let your Soul relent,
 And like them, but in better Time, repent.
 I would have whisper'd to you, at your Pray'r,
 But you say none; at Church, you come not there.
 Hear, hear me, hasten to be better all:
 Who knows, but it may be my latest Call?
 Critics, to others Errors Eagle-ey'd,
 Blind to your own thro' false Self-love and Pride,
 Turn, Carpers, wisely turn at length your Thoughts,
 T'observe your own egregious, many Faults,
 Better employ'd, our Author grudg'd the Time
 To please your Nicety, and mend his Rhyme:
 Nor does he much regard it, if you say,
 He's giv'n us a dull Sermon, for a Play.
 While these, and all the Worthless, scorn and scoff,
 Let Wisdom's Friends all join to clap me off.

END of the Fifth Act.





THE
EPILOGUE.

To be spoken in his own Habit, by the Person
who acted GUZZLE.

*WE must the frowning Critic's Pardon ask,
For crouding a whole Life in One short Mask;
Yet this, tho' of his Rules no small Abuse,
May here instructive prove, and have its Use;
To put you all in Mind, that Life, in Fact,
Is just, just such a Mask, as here we act.
Who, that's in Years among you, but can say,
My Scenes of Life as quick have pass'd away;
Just such the Sub-divisions of my Span;
So, from a Boy, was I a Youth, a Man,
Mature, declin'd, was elderly, reach'd Age;
So hasten to the Period of my Stage?
And, Many to One, good Folks, I tell you plain,
The Whole has been as trifling, and as vain!
If still too great this Inconsistence seem,
Imagine, if you please, our Mask a Dream.
What more is Life? Our inconsistent Plan,
In either View, best paints the Life of Man.*

You

*You see, my Friends, I'm sober, as before :
 Guzzle I mean to represent no more.
 Ambitious to be good, I quite detest
 To act a shameful Part, although in Jest ;
 —Be Guzzle, Rakish, Fondler, Fool, or Knave !
 Much rather let me hasten to my Grave !
 Opprobrious Life much more than Death I dread.
 The Worthless I lament, and not the Dead.
 Nor did our Bard with less Regret consent,
 A Sot in such a Garb to represent ;
 You must reflect, that rare is such Abuse,
 And the good End propos'd be his Excuse.
 May Learning's Sons be warn'd by what has pass'd,
 And our fictitious Guzzle be the last !*

F I N I S.

